

of what were apparently spots of blood, discovered by a Journal reporter upon the third and fourth steps from the bottom of the stairs, and others on the landing at the head of the flight. Other splashes were found high up on the inside of the door of the closet in which the body was found. The murderer was hidden.

James J. Sheridan, a Long Island City plumber, made an examination of the plumbing in the house. Plumber Sheridan did not find anything to interest him until he opened the trap in the waste pipe leading from the kitchen. He found a quantity of plaster of paris in the trap. It nearly choked up the pipe. The plaster was set hard, indicating that it had not only been there for some days, but that it must have been dry when it started to run down the waste pipe. Sheridan had a pair of wire-cutting pliers with him, and with the aid of the pliers he was able to break out most of the plaster.

The discovery of plaster of paris in the drain pipe was not considered of any importance at the time, but now that it is stated that Thorne rolled the head of the murdered man about in the drain pipe in the presence of a depositor in the drain pipe is considered of importance by the police. Sheridan only examined the one trap, and the last night that he was there he did not know whether there was any plaster in the other traps or not. An examination of the plumbing man shows that the trap where the plaster was found belongs as well to the bathroom as to the kitchen. As to the stationery tubes in the kitchen, as to the trap was in the cellar no doubt made the murderer think that the pipe led straight to the sewer.

THORN'S STRANGE ACTIONS

He Attracted the Attention of His Landlady, Mrs. Hoven, by His Behavior While at Her House.

Thorne's capture was delayed forty-eight hours because Widow Hoven threatened to trash her fourteen-year-old son William if he attempted to do any amateur detective sleuthing. When Thorne appeared at the Hoven boarding-house a week ago last Tuesday morning and inquired for a furnished room, "Billy" Hoven answered his knock at the bell.

"The man's pale, nervous look," said the landlady, "attracted my attention. When he asked for my mother he did not look me straight in the face, but kind of looked about the hall. That day I had been reading the Journal's story of the murder. It struck me then that the man acted very strangely."

"I saw the man again on Saturday. I met him on the stairs as he was coming in. I took a good look at him, and I was sure that it was Thorne. I had been carefully reading the Journal's stories, and from what was said about the man Thorne and the description given of him, I was sure that the boarder was the man the police wanted. I thought his nose, forehead and general build corresponded with the man described in the Journal."

"I went to my mother and said: 'Mamma, I know how I can make some money; will you let me do it?'"

"How can you make money, Billy," asked my mother.

"Why, go down and tell the Journal that the new boarder we have is Thorne."

"Mention such stuff as that again," said my mother, "and I will thrash you. I did not forget it, though, and watched the fellow closely, for I knew he was hiding for some reason or other. I was thinking of the thousand-dollar reward the Journal offered, and I was sure if I captured Thorne they would give me some of it."

"The Hoven house is a plain, two-story brick structure at No. 236 East Twenty-ninth street."

"I distinctly remember the morning the man came here," said William's mother last night. "He came in about 10 o'clock, a week ago last Tuesday morning. He asked me if I had a nice room to let. I took him upstairs and showed him a large and a small room. He picked out the large room from room and paid me the \$3 in advance, that being the rent for one week. Then about 12 o'clock with his wife. The man's rather peculiar actions attracted my attention."

"He came back again about 12 o'clock and went at once to his room. This time he brought another article, but his wife said it was not with him. After this I saw little or nothing of the man. He came in late at night, and went out very early in the morning. He always carried a satchel with him. Last Sunday he came in and left in his room all day. He kept the door locked. When I went in Monday I saw copies of the Journal, both English and German editions, lying on the table. The man must have gone out very early in the morning and bought them. None of us saw him since then. I noticed one thing about the man, unusual in most room lodgers; he never left a thing around his room. He seemed to keep everything in his valise. Only for the condition of the bed was he unable to tell that the man occupied the room. I saw nothing of the man after Sunday, though he was in the room last night, but when he came in or left I cannot say. I remember that on Tuesday I noticed some things about the man, as though the man had taken a fresh start."

HERE'S A MODEL TOWN.

Established by Thirty Citizens of Grand Junction—It Is On the Co-operative Plan.

Mackinaw is a population of 100 people, consisting of thirty families, two people, land policeman, a commissary, a resident physician and is conducted on the co-operative plan.

It lies, a spot of brightly painted rustic cottages and tents, on the Fryling Pan River, about sixty miles west of Leadville, on the western slope. It is peopled entirely by prominent and successful business men, who have formed an association to incorporate a summer town in which their families may find refuge from the heat of Grand Junction, where the thermometer often reaches 100 in the shade. Mackinaw has just been started, and has already proven so popular that steps have been taken to keep the modern Paradise from the gaze of the envious public. The promoters of the plan were Orson Dodge, Elbridge and President Jones, of the First National Bank of Grand Junction. The cliffs, covered thickly with vegetation, slope down to the Fryling Pan, and the head of the stream the village is established.

A commodious cabin is commissary headquarters, and at 10 o'clock every morning supplies of groceries, bread, meat and milk are distributed in equal proportion. The milk is shipped in ten-gallon cans to Mackinaw and is immediately placed on ice, keeping it cool during the day.

Two policemen regularly patrol the village and protect the children. This is a necessary precaution, as only three or four men are in the place during the week. Saturday evening the heads of the Mackinaw came up from Grand Junction and remain over Sunday.

Fishing is pronounced excellent. Sunday David Roberts, of the City of Four Mills, of Grand Junction caught a twelve-pound trout of the rainbow variety, while a fellow fisherman landed a fish of the same species weighing 10 pounds. Five and three-pound trout are common on the Fryling Pan.—Denver Post.

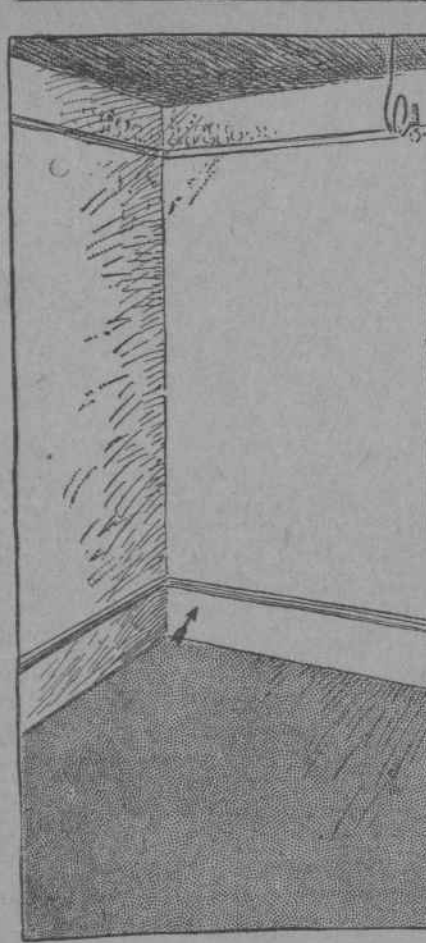
A Fable.

Once upon a time the Stork, whose functions in society are tolerably well understood, answered to call at a sumptuous mansion.

"No," answered the servant who came to the door, "the folks are out."

"Out?" repeated the Stork, in surprise.

"Yes, they fell out years ago," explained the young person, politely.—Detroit Journal.



Guldensuppe May Have Received Bullet Wound in This Room

In the baseboard, as designated by the arrow, there is a hole that looks like a bullet hole. Professor Witthaus says it may have been made by a .32-calibre bullet. The room is the southeast chamber in the cottage on Second street, Woodside, L. I., where, the police say, Guldensuppe was murdered. It adjoins the room containing the closet where, according to Thorne's alleged confession, the murder was begun.

NUGGETS OF PURE GOLD.

Picked Up in the Creeks of Dutch Guiana. They Weigh from 13 to 36 Pounds.

"The recent activity in the Surinam gold industry, in Dutch Guiana," said M. A. Kruger, a New York importer, at the Windsor, this morning, "who has spent several years in South America, in the interests of the American firm he represents, 'is responsible, I believe, for the interest taken in the Peruvian and Bolivian gold fields and the consequent and sad loss of life of Americans who have penetrated the germ-infested countries.'"

"In Dutch Guiana gold mining affords an interesting study. It is as yet mainly placer, although quartz reefs do actually exist. They can, however, be easily approached by powerful corporations. The country is being explored by men fully understanding the details of the enterprise they are about to undertake. The country is a very fertile one, and the soil is rich. A radius of 100 miles from the sea obstructions become frequent in all the rivers and portages has then to be reported. The reason why mining has never been pushed is the total absence of any knowledge of what gold mining means and the lack of capital."

In French Guiana the hilly lands come right down to the sea. In Dutch Guiana that portion of the colony adjoining French Guiana exhibits a rocky formation within a very few miles of the littoral. As the Guiana, the higher ground recedes until it is only to be met with after a journey of at least 100 miles into the interior. Looking from the sea nothing is to be seen but dense tropical vegetation without any kind of elevation, growing out of the low-lying deposit. The gold zone in Dutch Guiana lies where the fluvo-marine deposit ends.

"All the gold which has been recorded up to the present date has been found in the alluvial. It permeates large surfaces in minute particles, technically known as 'spots' or 'color.' The particles are found in small nuggets, such as that on the Muller de Jonge placer, lying between Surinam and Surinam. There have been made, this nugget weighed about thirty-six pounds."

In 1896 a nugget weighing about thirteen pounds was found on a placer between the Surinam and Maroni rivers. In the interior the rolling country is called the 'hill system,' and is described as being composed of masses and mica schists, crossed by basaltic dykes, containing auriferous deposits of drift conglomerate and of the shallow. The drift conglomerate is of ferrous nature, of a red color.

"The greater part of the gold recovered in Dutch Guiana is coarse and coated with iron oxide, float, accompanied with iron pyrites and quartz crystals. One hundred and thirty-three pounds of gold dust, weighing 45,514 grammes, produced, on smelting, last August, 721,930 grammes of bar gold, showing an average loss of 3 per cent. The gold zone, except in patches, consisting of savannah lands, is covered with a dense forest growth."

"The gold belt in the healthiest part of the colony, Surinam, rises from stagnant water, poisonous plants are everywhere, and lucky indeed is the American gold worker who escapes alive from the growth of the Dutch colony."—Denver Post.

EMERSON LIVED IN A BIG HOTEL WITHOUT PAYING RENT.

The newspapers have had a great deal to say about Joseph Richardson, New York's most eccentric man, who died recently worth \$300,000, and who had lived for years in a tall house only five feet wide, which he had built to spite a neighbor, and which was widely known as the 'spite house.' said Rowell D. Lewis, a traveling man of Chicago, who is a guest of the St. Nicholas. "Well, I know another peculiar spite affair that will soon come to an end. In this case one side would call it spite, and the other would call it justice."

When Washington contemplates the glories which gather upon its baseball club it is hard to see in mind the fact that the spirit of mortal should not be proud. Washington Star.

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CUTS A WIFE OFF WITH ONE DOLLAR. WAR OVER POLES IN A JERSEY TOWN.

Aged Joseph F. Babcock Left a Peculiar Will.

FRIEND GETS THE ESTATE.

Testator Says His Better Half Had Deserted Him Without Cause.

Lawyer John A. Payne, of the Presbyterian building, on Fifth avenue, has a curious will case on his hands. Joseph F. Babcock, aged sixty years, who lived at No. 326 West Thirty-second street, died on June 12 in the New York Hospital. While in the hospital he made his will with one of the attendants as the witness.

This will was filed for probate in the Surrogate's Court yesterday. The opening paragraph reads:

"I, Joseph F. Babcock, do hereby bequeath to my wife, Laura Babcock, one dollar, and no more, as she has been unfaithful to me and deserted me without just cause or provocation."

RECEIVED HIS CENT.

Robert Steel Called at the Treasurer's Office—City Was Indebted to Him.

Pittsburg has lost the stray cent which caused so much trouble in three offices. Robert Steel, to whom the cent was due, was notified that the city was indebted to him to that extent and called last Friday and received the money from Cashier Dorrington, of the treasurer's office. If Mr. Steel had not called and accepted his cent, it is difficult to imagine what would have been its future history. It would have remained in the city treasury and no legal power on earth could have disposed of it. It would have always turned up in balancing the cash. The only satisfaction that could have been taken out of it would have been that Pittsburg had a surplus or reserve which could never have been drawn upon.

The stray cent resulted from a little error in the Comptroller's office, but it has demonstrated the thoroughness of the system of accounts kept by the city. It occurred in the office of the Comptroller, Robert Steel. The city was indebted to Mr. Steel to the extent of \$2.47. The stub of the certificate was made out for \$2.47, but the certificate was for only \$2.46, the one cent having been dropped by mistake. The certificate was sent to the Mayor's office and the City Treasurer's office.

When the warrant reached the treasurer's office the trouble began. In balancing the accounts it was discovered that the city had one cent more than it was entitled to. The City Treasurer, Mr. Richards, in the treasurer's office went to work on the book known as the account current. After searching he found that about fifteen large pages contained entries of warrants paid since the presentation of that made out by Mr. Steel. Levi did not find the cent, but the appearance of the book, but that one cent had to be straightened out. The totals of fifteen pages had to be corrected. He commenced with the first page and worked his way through the book. In the end he found that the totals had to be corrected. He found that the totals had to be corrected.

That cent, if its value was based upon the time required to find its owner and to correct the entries in the various books in the three principal offices of the city, together with the trouble to Mr. Steel, is certainly above par.—Pittsburg Press.

SILVER DEMOCRAT CHOSEN.

W. H. Ryan Elected Secretary of Elizabeth's Board of Education.

Because W. H. Ryan was a silver Democrat and Andrew Hughes a gold Democrat the eight Democratic members of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Board of Education were until last night divided in their choice for secretary, and a result, Joseph D. Lowden, a Republican, has been holding the office for a year. Last night, after a lively caucus meeting, the Hughes men gave it the Ryan men, and to the latter the office of secretary was given.

Over Mr. Ryan's election, he is a brother of Alderman Ryan, who will be the next Democratic Mayorality candidate.

Sustained.

Cornell's modest contention that American rowing methods are at least worth experimenting with appears to be sustained.—Detroit News.

Baseball Item.

When Washington contemplates the glories which gather upon its baseball club it is hard to see in mind the fact that the spirit of mortal should not be proud. Washington Star.

PITCHER'S

for Infants and Children.

The Fac-simile Signature of

Charles H. Pitcher.

Appears on Every Wrapper.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

in a Circle.

"There's no good of it anyhow!" exclaimed Metadender Mike, after a long silence.

"Of what?" inquired Blodding Pete.

"Thinkin' ye think an' think, an' de first t'ing ye knows ye's not right back ter where ye started from!"

"What's agitin' ye?"

"An'archism! I was reflectin' on de way dem fellers labors for nuttin', studyin' up on explosives, it takes on An'archist ter make a good bomb. An' purty soon I worked arter de fact that it takes a bum ter make a good An'archist, and den I says ter myself—wot's de use, I'm goin' ter sleep."—Washington Star.

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Army of Laborers Threaten Indignant Citizens with Their Axes.

POLES HAVE BEEN REPLACED.

In Case the South Jersey Railroad Takes the Offensive There May Be Bloodshed.

Ocean City, N. J., July 7.—To-day South Jersey railroad employees, under the supervision of the Postal Telegraph Company's men, erected poles and strung wires on Haven avenue and North Eighth street. The West Jersey and Seashore Railroad officials heard of the work, and at 6 o'clock this evening a special train filled with laborers came in on the West Jersey tracks. The workmen were armed with axes, and, under the direction of Road Supervisor Stubbs, they attacked the South Jersey's new telegraph line and chopped the poles down in a jiffy.

Representatives of the South Jersey road were powerless to stop the pole chopping, as they were outnumbered ten to one, but they spread an alarm and citizens hurried to the scene. For a time a riot seemed imminent. The laborers swung their axes and the crowd, being unarmed, fell back. Ocean City's meagre police force would not interfere without being backed up by a legal process, and W. S. Hand, the South Jersey Railroad agent, hurried off to swear out a warrant. He hunted up Justice of the Peace Moore and made complaint against Supervisor Stubbs, charging him with malicious mischief.

By this time the West Jersey's forces had completed the destruction of the telegraph line and hurried aboard their train. The citizens procured shovels and picks and set to work to replant all the fallen poles. The wires will be strung at daylight to-morrow morning. After planting the poles the citizens fell in line behind the local band and paraded the streets.

THIBET'S DREARY DESERT.

Deposits of Earth Cover Even the Forests.

Recent publications of the Russian Geographical Society contain most interesting accounts of explorations undertaken under the auspices by Roborovsky and Kondoff in one of the most inhospitable regions of the earth's surface, the elevated Thibetan plateau, which along the "Russian mountains" lines up to the northeast face of the giant snow-capped Kuen-lun. Over this region of animal dreariness, elevated from 14,000 to 17,000 feet above sea level, man's foot is hardly ever known to pass, and even to the natives of Kashgaria it is virtually a sealed province. The surface is largely covered with deposits of loess and earth of extremely fine particles, identical with that which forms the dominant landscape feature of a large part of China, and very similar to that which makes up the "bluffs" of the upper and middle Mississippi valley.

In this loess originate sandstorms of terrible severity, the dust being carried in such volumes into the air as to cause complete darkness, objects being rendered invisible at a distance of more than ten yards. The loess is composed of fine particles, such as dust, decaying and rotting in the dry mass of earth which surrounds them. In the desert which lies south of the Ustang, and occupies a position upward of 10,000 feet high, hardly a trace of animal life was to be found in the middle of June, almost the only forms of moving creatures being scattering, broken-down, orange antelopes, which approached to within a few feet of the travellers, seeming too weary to pay attention to the presence of man. Snow alone falls over this most inhospitable tract, and rain is seemingly unknown. In the desert of snow snow fell every day, evaporating immediately. On June 15, at an elevation of 17,380 feet, the thermometer marked 11 degrees Fahrenheit.

Lines of depression of the Cherenbakh, a striking contrast to the presented in the characteristics of the country, the banks of the rivers being overgrown with rushes, poplars and tamarisks, and harboring immense numbers of wild canines, antelopes, wildcats, bears and various smaller animals. But traces of recent desiccation are everywhere apparent, large trunks being strewn with the remains of fresh water mollusks—the former inhabitants of a vast lake.—Washington Star.

QUEEN DRANK GROG.

An Incident of Victoria's Visit to Her Fleet in 1842.

When every Englishman is doubtless and justly priding himself on the possession of a navy which could wipe every other navy off the seas, and when the great jubilee review of the fleet is in every one's mouth, the latest of the Victorian reviews, though it is fervently to be hoped it will not be the last, it is interesting to recall the fact that the first naval review at which Her Majesty took part occurred in February, 1842.

On that occasion the Queen was accompanied by Prince Albert, his brother, the Duke of Wellington, and other celebrities. On board the flagship the Queen desired to see the men at mess, and therefore went on the lower deck. Her interest in the welfare of the fleet induced Her Majesty to taste their beef and soup, eating it as the Jack during one of the iron spoons of the mess.

Although everybody admits that great improvements have been made in every thing relating to the life of Jack during the last half century, the ration evidently pleased Her Majesty, for after tasting them she said: "Very good, but hot."

Her Majesty also tasted the grog which was served to the sailors, who emptied their bowls of liquor in honor of Her Majesty's health. The "bloss her" followed by rousing cheers.—Pearson's Weekly.

HELP WANTED!

Get the right kind of help by using Journal "Wants."

Journal "Wants."

Journal "Wants."

Journal "Wants."

Journal "Wants."

Journal "Wants."

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JAMAICA BAY COLLISION.

The Launch Eloy Was in Danger of Being Crushed Against a Float.

The steamer Julia, of the Canarsie and Rockaway Ferry, collided in Jamaica Bay yesterday morning with the steam launch Eloy, of the Bergen Beach and Canarsie Ferry Company, and twelve men, women and children in the latter boat were for a few moments in imminent danger. The launch was tied to the float at the head of the Canarsie pier when the Julia came in from Rockaway. The steamer was headed for the same landing and could have been run into its place easily had not her engines caught at the moment when she was to have been backed.

Captain Remsen put the Julia's wheel hard a port, but only succeeded in grasping the end of the float and swinging her around and against the launch. The passengers on the launch screamed as they realized that they were to be crushed between the float and the steamer, but Policeman Mullally, who was near, jumped to the rescue, and cut the Eloy adrift. Then the Julia's paddles began to revolve and she started back. The launch, however, was dragged out. A woman, who was said to be D. J. Lee's daughter, of No. 82 Washington street, seized one of her three children and tried to jump overboard, but was caught in time by her husband. The launch was damaged to the extent of about \$50. The Rockaway and Canarsie Ferry Company sent a second launch after the Eloy and towed her in after the accident.

Made a Difference.

"I can't take that half dollar, madam. It's counterfeit."

"Why, I got it here yesterday morning."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir. I bought a pair of shoes for \$3.50. I handed you a \$5 bill. You gave me a dollar bill and this half dollar in change. The cashier told me to take it. I haven't had any other fifty-cent piece in my possession since."

"Let me look at it again. H'm—the coin's all right. It looks a little suspicious, but on closer examination I find it's only a counterfeit. I'll take it."

"But I beg your pardon! Now that I think about it, I didn't get it here at all. A fruiterer gave it to me in change this morning when I bought some berries of him. I had forgotten it, so it doesn't make any."

"H'm—on looking at it still closer, ma'am, I find my first impression was correct. It's a counterfeit and a bad one. I shall have to refuse it, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

So Ingenious.

"Simplex answered an advertisement in which somebody offered to sell him the secret of preventing children from getting fringes around the bottom."

"What did they tell him?"

"To wear knickerbockers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For Publication.

It appears that Mr. Fitzsimmons has agreed to thump Mr. Sullivan four rounds for publication, but not necessarily as an evidence of good faith.—Washington Post.

Prize Old Fog.

New Hampshire is the prize old fog State of the Union. Last year her revenues exceeded her expenditures by \$125,000.—Washington Post.

No More of This.

Thank goodness, when Mr. Teala gets to telegraphing without wires there'll be no more of this "line is busy" nuisance.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.